

# The Mirror

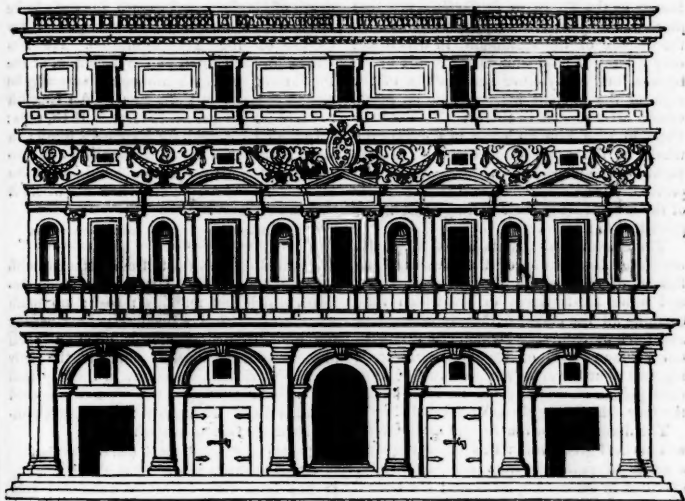
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 661.]

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.



RAPHAEL'S PALACE AT ROME.

RAPHAEL, the prince of modern painters, was also distinguished as an architect, and was employed in the construction of St. Peter's at Rome. Many of his minor works are conceived with great taste; and, observes a competent critic, "if he has in some degree departed from the strict imitation of the antique, he has, at least, made us ample compensation in the beauty and elegance of his combinations." Of these merits the Engraving presents a specimen; it being the façade of the palace and residence of Raphael, in the street of Borgho, at Rome. Bramante, the instructor of Raphael in architecture, furnished the sketch, and Raphael completed the design of this superb structure, in the year 1513, or in the thirtieth year of his age. The original of the Engraving is from a volume of Italian prints, comprising the principal public buildings and palatial mansions of ancient and modern Rome. The details are clearly worked out; so that we may even perceive in the compartment on each side of the central entrance, the rude bolt fastenings of upwards of three centuries since.

The recent exhumation of the mortal remains of Raphael having been chronicled in Vol. xxiii.

the journals of Europe, a brief outline of the life of the illustrious painter may not be unacceptable to the general reader.

Raphael (Raffaello Sanzio d'Urbino) was born at Urbino, in 1483, and was the son of Giovanne de Santi, a painter of meagre and slight capacity. Raphael was placed by his father under the tuition of Pietro at Perugia. "From that moment every work of his pencil, even those of the earliest date, became consecrated by the respect given to him by posterity, and are made the constant objects of investigation with all who aim at attaining a critical knowledge of the art. Hence we are enabled to trace the progress of his mind with the utmost accuracy, and follow him step by step." Two specimens, painted at the early age of seventeen, are preserved in the Vatican; and in the cathedral of Sienna are some further proofs of the developement of his inventive talents. A picture, illustrating one of the next epochs in his style, is that of our Saviour carried to the Sepulchre, which is now placed in the Borghese palace at Rome: this work is remarkable, as having been painted shortly after his journey to Florence, where it is said that he caught something of a new light from

seeing the great cartoon of the Battle of Pisa, by Michael Angelo. Soon after this, Raphael's relation, Bramante, who was employed as the architect of St. Peter's, introduced him to the notice of Pope Julius II., and procured for him a commission to paint the suite of apartments in the Vatican, now known as the *Stanze di Raffaello*. His first piece was the allegorical representation, called the dispute of the sacrament, in which not only gilding is used around the heads of the figures, but many other peculiarities of the style of the ancient masters may be discovered. His success in this work induced the Pope to give him an order to decorate the whole of the range of apartments, and to paint out the labours of the masters who had previously been employed upon them; a few of the ornaments of their ceilings only being permitted to remain.

These apartments contain the *Borgo Incendiato*, the Battle of the Saracens, the School of Athens, the Release of St. Peter, and other masterpieces of art, which fully combine all the classical dignity and grace, and force of expression, which are the peculiar characteristics of Raphael; and it is reported that the artist received twelve hundred golden crowns or scudi for each room, the four sides being severally painted.

The decoration of the *Loggie di Raffaello* was his next great work: this gallery contains a series of paintings from scripture history, executed in small compartments; the rest of the work being in the *arabesque* style. For this wall, Raphael studied various antique specimens, and especially the painted borders on the stucco, which were about this time discovered in opening the baths of Titus. After this we find him employed on the Marriage of Psyche in the Villa Farnesina, and subsequently in making cartoons, as designs for the tapestry annually to be exhibited in the corridor of the Vatican, on the solemnity of the Corpus Domini: seven out of the original number of these, (for there were twelve in all,) found their way to England.\* To this period also may be ascribed several of Raphael's best easel pictures; such as the *Spasimo di Sicilia*, the St. Cecilia, and the celebrated one of the Transfiguration, painted expressly for the church of St. Pietro, in Montorio, but which has been transferred, since its return from Paris, to the gallery of the Vatican.

"No artist," observes the Rev. Mr. James, "ever received greater general attention than Raphael: a train of fifty artists attending him, like a prince, to and from his audiences with the Pope; and at one time he carried his expectations so high as to aspire to the honour of being made a cardinal, though it is added, that this was only because large

\* Hampton Court Palace: for an Engraving of the Gallery, see *Mirror*, vol. xv. p. 1.

sums of money were due to him from the court. How far he was warranted in his idea we know not, for he was unfortunately cut off on his thirty-seventh birth-day, being lamented as a public loss to Italy and to the world."† His munificent patron, Leo X., testified great emotion at the news of the death of Raphael, and caused his body to lie in state in a hall in which was placed his picture of the Transfiguration. He was buried in the church of the Rotonda, or the Pantheon; yet his tomb could scarcely be recognised a few years since. An English resident at Rome, in 1817 and 1818, says: "In vain I inquired for Raphael's tomb; in vain I sought it through the Rotonda: no traces of it met the eye, nor could one of the Italians who were present show me where it was to be found!

"And what—no monument, inscription, stone, The very earth that wraps his grave unknown!"

I returned afterwards to the Pantheon, with a friend, who pointed out to me a stone, beneath which his remains repose; no tomb has been placed over them. His bust, among the undistinguished crowd, upon a shelf above the neighbouring altar, is the only tribute paid to his memory in the city that was embellished by his genius, and honoured with his dust. Beneath it is inscribed Cardinal Bembo's famous distich:

"Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci  
Rerum magna parens, quo moriente mori."

It has been very faithfully translated into Italian; and I have attempted something like it in English:

"Nature, in life, saw thee herself outvie,  
Yet, Raphael! feared, in death with thee to die."‡

Towards the close of last year, however, was made the discovery of the remains of Raphael, which has settled the site of his tomb beyond a doubt, and decided a long dispute respecting a skull preserved beneath a glass case in the Academy of St. Luke, and pretended to be that of Raphael.§

The following particulars are from a letter written by Signor Thibby to M. Quatremere de Quincy. "It is well known that the Academy of St. Luke, as the academy of painting is called at Rome, has been for a century in the habit of showing a skull, which they pretend to be that of Raphael. The circumstance of the Academy's possessing it, was explained by saying, that when Carlo Maratti employed Nardini to produce a bust of the artist for the Pantheon, he had contrived to open the tomb of the great artist, and extract the skull, to serve as a model for

† *The Italian Schools of Painting.*

‡ *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, vol. i. p. 342.

§ In the Academy is a celebrated picture, by Raphael, of St. Luke painting a portrait of the Madonna, and our Saviour and Raphael looking on! It has been so often restored, that little remains of the original by Raphael.



(Alleged Skull of Raphael in the Academy of St. Luke.)

the sculptor's labours. Considerable doubts, however, were cast on the authenticity of the skull, and an authentic document, discovered about two years back, clearly proved the cranium to have belonged not to Raphael, but to Don Desiderio de Adintorio, founder of the Society of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon, in 1542. This Society, in consequence, claimed the head of its founder from the Academy of St. Luke, which indignantly resisted the claim, and held the skull in its possession to have been veritably that of Raphael. The Society of Virtuosi, after some delay and consideration, summoned the chief members of the Painting Academy to aid in a search after the tomb and remains of Raphael d'Urbino. Taking as their guide the descriptions given by Vasari, in his *Lives of Raffaele and Lorenzetto*, the commission of research began their explorations by excavating the earth under the statue of the Virgin in the Pantheon. Nor was it long before they were stopped by a piece of masonry, in the form of a grave. Sinking through this for about a foot and a half, they found a

void; and supposing, with justice, this to be the depository which they sought, it was opened in all solemnity before the chief magistrates and personages of Rome. When the surface was cleared, a coffin displayed itself, with a skeleton extended within, covered over with a slight coat of dust and rubbish, formed in part by the garments, and the lid of the coffin, that had mouldered. It was evident that the tomb had never been opened, and, consequently, that the skull, possessed and shown by the Academy of St. Luke, was spurious. But the dispute was forgotten in the interest and enthusiasm excited by the discovery of the true and entire remains. The first care was, to gather up the dust and the skeleton, in order to their being replaced in a new mausoleum. Amid the mouldering fragments of the coffin, which was of pine-wood, and adorned with paintings, were found a *stelletta* of iron, being a kind of spur, with which Raphael had been decorated by Leo X., some buttons and *fibulae*. Pieces of the argil of the Tiber showed that the waters of the river had pene-

trated into the tomb. The sepulchre had, nevertheless, been carefully built up, the chief cause of the good state of preservation in which the skeleton was found. On the 15th of September, the surgeons proceeded to examine the skeleton, which was declared to be of the masculine sex, and of small dimensions, measuring seven palms, five ounces, and three minutes, (five feet, two inches, three lines, French measure). In the skull, which has been moulded, may be traced the lineaments of Raphael, as painted in his School of Athens: the neck long, the arm and breast delicate, the hollow of the right arm marked by the *apophyse*, a projection of a bone, caused by incessant working with the pencil. The limbs were stout in appearance; and, strange to say, the larynx was intact and still flexible. The Marquis Biondi, President of the Archeological Society, enumerated the proofs and circumstances, showing this to be the tomb and body of Raphael, in the presence of all the learned and celebrated in Rome. He asked, was there a doubt in any one's mind as to their identity? Not one was found to question it.—In the disposing of the remains, the will of Raphael was consulted, and his wishes again followed. They were to be replaced in a leaden coffin, and more solidly entombed in the same spot where they were found. From the 20th to the 24th, the remains were exposed to the Roman public, whose enthusiasm and tears may be imagined by those who know them.\*

Without descanting on the propriety of this exhumation of the mortal remains of the illustrious painter, we agree with a contemporary that the "discovery must read a sore lesson to the apostles of phrenology. The skull at Luke's, on which they have so written and descanted, (see Combe and others, *passim*), as the finest example of the organ of colour, &c. is not Raphael's; but, as was suspected, the caput of an ancient canon.†

The remains were returned to their resting-place in October last with great ceremony; although such a display, or any other means which the most fervid imagination could suggest, must be considered as feeble attempts to glorify the genius of one whose excellence is felt or acknowledged throughout the civilized world.

### FAIRY RINGS.

(To the Editor.)

THE natural origin of these "green sour ringlets," respecting which the most remarkable legends in the annals of fairy land refer, has long been a matter of controversy. Some have absurdly supposed that they were caused

by moles; others that they were the effect of lightning, from the brittleness of the grass roots when first observed; and Dr. Wollaston ascribed the cause of their appearance "to the growth of a certain species of agaric, which so entirely absorbed all the nutriment from the soil beneath, that the herbage was, for awhile, destroyed." But we think that that accurate observer of nature, Mr. John F. M. Dovaston, has at last set the matter at rest; and we cannot, therefore, do better than give the substance of his opinion as we find it recorded in Loudon's delightful *Magazine of Natural History*. "It is asserted," he says, "that these rings are occasioned by centrifugal fungi which the ground is only capable of producing once, and then dropping their seeds outwards extend their rings 'like circles on the water.' Fungi, I conceive to be the effect and not the cause of these rings, and it is well known that ground producing fungi once is not incapable of reproductiveness. Besides we find all these fungi without rings plentifully; the seeds of fungi are absolutely impalpable, and produced in such excessive quantities, thrown off so freely, and borne about so easily, that perhaps there is hardly a particle of matter whose surface is not imbued therewith. \* \* Now, were these rings caused by the falling of the seeds centrifugally, they would enlarge, which they do not, but after a year or two utterly disappear; though plenty of the seed may be seen to load the grass all around. I have brought large patches of these rings into other fields, but never found them enlarge; and the turf I have taken back to replace in the rings has never partaken of their nature. Why, too, should the grass be more rank in the rings? one would conclude the seeds of fungi would make it less so. Where a column of electric fluid affects the earth, either ascending or descending, it scorches the ground all around its edge, where there is plenty of oxygen in contact with it, and leaves the centre unscathed, where the oxygen is either expelled or destroyed, and so fertilizes the extremity; the consequence is that the first year the grass is destroyed and the ring appears bare and brown, but the second year the grass re-springs with highly increased vigour and verdure, together with fungi whose dormant seeds are so brought into vegetation that without this exciting cause might have slept inert for centuries. These fungi are most generally of the *Agaricus Boletus*, or *Lycoperdon*, sometimes *Clavaria* genus, I have very rarely seen any other. The fertilization of combustion, as agriculturists well know, though violent, being of short duration, these circles soon disappear. They are, moreover, generally found in open places, on hill-sides, wide fields, and broad meadows, where lightning is more likely to strike; and seldom near trees or woods, which throw off and

\* Quoted in the *Athenæum*, No. 316.

† *Literary Gazette*, No. 884.

receive the fluid silently and imperceptibly. I have sometimes, however, seen one all around a tree."

Fairy rings differ greatly in extent. Insulated circular patches of grass about a foot broad are sometimes seen, with a considerable space of withered pasturage, but these are not *real* fairy rings, (which are of a deeper green than the surrounding grass), though sometimes mistaken for them. The works of our old poets abound with allusions to these favourite resorts of the fairy tribes.

A regular intercourse is described by old writers as having taken place between fairies and the human race. In a recent volume, your fair Correspondent *M. L. B.* furnished you with the copy of a charm, or "Excellent waite to gette a Faerie," which appears to have been resorted to by an alchemist, a few centuries ago, for assistance in his researches after the "grand arcanum." In a very curious work, entitled "A Relation of Apparitions of Spirits in the county of Monmouth and the principality of Wales," by the late Rev. Edmund Jones of the Trench, we meet with what we may term an excellent way to get rid of a fairy, *ex. gra.*—"E. T. (a person of strict veracity) travelling by night over Bedwelly mountain towards the valley of Ebwy Fawr, was surrounded by fairies, some dancing, and heard the sound of a bugle horn like persons hunting. He then began to be afraid, but recollecting his having heard that if any person should happen to see the fairies, if he drew his knife they would vanish directly, he did so, and he saw them no more!"

In despite of modern philosophy and the "light of knowledge," a belief in fairy-land yet lurks amongst our peasantry in the more secluded and thinly-populated districts. In Wales, especially, many a volume might be filled with the prevailing legends of these supernatural visitors, whose visits have of late years, however, been "few and far between." But steam and railroads bid fair at no distant day, to banish this prettiest and most harmless relic of the popular superstition of our forefathers from the land.

VYVIAN.

#### A NATURAL HISTORY RAMBLE IN MAY.

By James Fennell.

REJOICE! for the month of May has come with a host of sweet attendants, and the mind of the lover of Nature is now elate with joy at the sight of so many beautiful and interesting objects on which to engage itself; while every one entertaining that natural fondness for rural charms is now roving in quest of some

"green delightful walks

Where simple nature reigns."

Why, then should we remain here in the smoke of the metropolis? Come, let us away;

the fields are not far distant, and we shall consequently soon be in them.

Here we are arrived on a wide, open heath, sparkling in its golden decoration of furze blossoms, beneath which peep many fragrant flowers of various hues; a full orchestra of joyous warblers are singing from amid the clumps of pines and other trees around us; the ant and the bee are industriously toiling, while the gay butterfly and the agile lizard are basking in the sun's bright beams. We are now, as it were, transported from one region into another. Such let us but consider to be the case; so that forgetting all the noise, trouble, and sin of the one we have just left, and divesting ourselves of our unwarrantable dislikes and prejudices, we may view each object composing the landscape before us with an equal eye. To get merely "a breath of fresh air" and a peep at the country shall not be the sole purposes of our walk, the pleasures of which we shall find tenfold increased by carefully examining those objects that, by their promiscuous association with one another, produce all the diversity of form and colour in that far surrounding scene, which is now eliciting your warmest admiration.

Oh! what a charming day! See how beautifully clear and serene is the sky, beneath which hardly a flake of cloud is seen to sail, and how pleasantly moderate is the heat from the sun! What delicious odours are not the gentle zephyrs conveying to us from numberless sweet-scented flowers, and how charming appear yon undulating fields so thickly bestudded with rosy-tinted daisies and golden buttercups, in such abundance that it seems, to quote that rural poet, Clare,

"As if the drops of April showers

Had woo'd the sun, and changed to flowers."

But halt and list awhile! for the warbling skylark, now fluttering above, at "Heaven's gate," is exulting in the present happy period of his existence by a loud and quivering song of gladness, while viewing his nest from aloft with parental delight and anxious solicitude. Yet now the ploughman with his huge, sharp instrument approaches that sacred spot, wherein the little songster hopes to rear his first brood. With all the quickness of a falling arrow, he descends from that lofty eminence at which he appeared to our strained sight like a mere speck, and having safely landed on his feet, he skulks along the hedges, watching the progress of the plough in panting apprehension, lest it should harm that dear little spot which he and his mate claim as a cradle for their offspring. The danger appears past, for he re-ascends and sings as merrily as he did before.

Observe with what grace the swallows are now skimming across the glassy lake, dipping their bills now and then in its waters;

while the martens, who have built their nest under the cottage windows, are pursuing flies, and uttering a sharp, snapping noise as they seize them. Who can view the marten without emotion? Does not one's heart glow with delight when we see this bird, and wherefore does it so? Whether the cause be the elegance of its aerial evolutions; its poetical and historical associations; its connexion with summer scenes; or the confidence it places in the humanity of man by building

"In the weather, on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty,"

it would be difficult to decide; but still it is certain that we all, from the schoolboy to the oldest grey-haired man, regard this bird with a sort of sacred veneration, and callous, indeed, should we esteem those who would wantonly molest so general a favourite, who, asking naught of us save an unoccupied window-corner, performs for us a very great service by lessening the number of insects that, otherwise, would infest our dwellings, effect much destruction on our crops, or annoy our cattle. Though we see the marten in the country, he is also very common in the skirts of the metropolis, where he is observed busily passing and repassing up and down the streets, totally regardless of the shoals of men racketting about beneath him. But in the city itself the marten is rarely or never seen, on account of the paucity of winged insects to be obtained in its foul and smoky atmosphere. It is this circumstance that induces our great dramatist to say,

"where they  
Most breed and haunt, I have observed the air  
Is delicate."

Turn now from the martens, and look at the gems of nature—the gay, sportive butterflies. These beings have not failed, from time immemorial, to draw forth the admiration of mankind, and now constitute, together with other insects, the study of many inquiring persons called entomologists; and the study of them, I can assure you, from experience, involves so much philosophical investigation, and unfolds to us so many valuable and entertaining facts, that should you be pleased to seriously engage in it, you will find it by no means a trifling occupation, but one that will furnish you much matter for pleasant reflection during such moments as you now find tedious from a want, indeed, of some innocent and agreeable means of employing them. Can we look upon this butterfly now fanning the open flower on which it rests, and reflect awhile on the extraordinary transformations which it has undergone in the course of its existence, without feeling a great desire to learn more of its history? Shakspeare has well said

"There is a difference between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub."—*Coriolanus*.

Yes, this butterfly was "a grub," or caterpillar, and fed on the leaves of plants; changed its skin several times; in the last skin suspended itself by the tail to the ledge of a wall; here it soon became a chrysalis; in this stage of its transformation it remained for months without feeding or walking; until at length its outward shell burst and disclosed a being so different in shape and habits, and in elegance and beauty so transcendently superior to what it originally was, that had we not patiently attended to the career of its life, we might question this part of its biography, or reject it altogether as a mere fable. Now that the caterpillar has resolved itself into a butterfly, it no longer condescends to feed on the leaves of nettles, cabbages, and such common diet, but draws a delicious banquet from a thousand expanded flowers. Now possessed of wings, he no longer crawls along with a laborious, undulating motion, but wings his way with great celerity over fields, gardens, and waters, baffling, by his many artful feats of agility, the schoolboy who eagerly chases him with cap in hand, and even often eluding the net of the vigilant entomologist. Now no longer insensible to the "gentle passion," the males are seen chasing the "softer sex" with all the ardour of soul-stirring love, and as different degrees of beauty appear to exist among their fair damsels, disputes frequently arise as to which of them shall be the happy gallant. Instances of this kind are at this moment passing before our eyes; for over this large patch of green rushes and prickly thistles, we see males of the little azure-blue butterfly,\* and also of the small brown butterfly,† contending for the sole society of some particular female. These species seem more addicted to quarrelling than any of the butterfly tribe. If you examine the azure-blue butterfly, you will find it extremely handsome: its wings on their upper sides being of a glossy blue, while on their under sides they are profusely spotted in so splendid and varied a manner as to render description impossible. But, see! see! here comes at full speed another sort of butterfly, in a yellow livery. It is the brimstone-butterfly, a species which is oftener than any other met with in the winter; a circumstance invalidating the assertion of the great bard and naturalist of Avon, who, in an admirable passage in *Troilus and Cressida* says that

"butterflies  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer."

Here, in this rushy marsh, we hear the song of the blackcap, who sings so sweetly that in some parts of our island it is considered a second Philomel, and is, therefore, designated the "mock-nightingale." The

\* *Polyommatus Alexis*. † *Hipparchia Pamphilus*.



nightingale itself you may see over yonder, near the little brook, sitting on a spray, singing a soft, plaintive, but yet not melancholy song to his mate, who in the nest hard by is attending to the duties of incubation. The ring-dove is cooing in the thicket, and the familiar, monotonous cry of the cuckoo, announcing the arrival of spring, comes welcome to our ears; though the ignorant and superstitious in some places dread to hear its voice.

That little bird, the titlark, which you there see following the cuckoo, and which is erroneously conjectured by some persons to be its friend and provider, is now worthy of your attention; as you may observe its endeavours to drive that parasite from the neighbourhood of its nest, lest it should, according to its invariable habit of placing its own eggs among those of other birds, deposit its egg therein.

Here in this park how beautiful and happy all seems! For here the herds are skipping frolicsomenly about; the rabbits are fearlessly playing; the squirrels are nimbly leaping from tree to tree; the blackbird is loudly singing; the kingfisher is viewing his glossy dress in the reflecting surface of the willow-bordered brook; and, in short, every creature is enjoying itself. A scene of such general happiness it is gratifying to behold, and I think with Cowper, that

"The heart is hard in nature, and unfit  
For human fellowship, as being void  
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike  
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased  
With sight of animals enjoying life,  
Nor feels their happiness augment his own."

If we now extend our attention to botanical objects, we shall find that there is, perhaps, nothing more beautiful in the economy of nature than the means she has devised for the dissemination of the seeds of plants. This subject is to every mind fond of generalizing facts, very interesting, by its presenting analogies to what occur in the animal kingdom. For instance, the seeds of some plants are projected to a great distance by the seed-case, or pods pressing upon them; a circumstance similar to what may be witnessed in the case of certain species of moths, which, when caught, will throw their eggs from their bodies to a far-off point, likely to preserve them from being destroyed by the capturer of their parent. And when we see the poplar plant-louse, (*Aphis populi*), flitting through the air, not by the aid of wings, but by a covering of vegetable down, do we not find a similar circumstance to the seeds of the dandelion, that are now, by means of the light, downy feathers with which they are invested, rolling through the air in all directions around us. In the course of future rambles we shall discover that the seeds of several other plants are furnished with the

same means to transport them to distant places. Their clothing of down may, however, answer another purpose besides this; for it may protect them from being eaten by some birds to whom a cropful of such substance swallowed in attempting to feed upon the seeds, would be very troublesome, if not fatal, by forming indigestible masses similar to those which are often formed in the stomachs of cattle that have swallowed much hair by licking their own coats. This is probably the reason why the robin and some other birds will not eat hairy caterpillars, though they will feast greedily on smooth ones; for, in the lately published observations of Gilbert White, mention is made of whole flocks of ducks having been killed by eating too freely of the former sort. It is now getting too late for us to patiently examine other curious things in botany to-day; so we will collect a good number of plants, and to-morrow investigate their structure and so forth at our leisure.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun has long since set, and night is coming on. The owl has already left her hollow, oaken seat, and in unexpected moments is surprising us at intervals as we homeward jog, by her dismal hoot; the bat is pursuing its zig-zag flight after insect prey; the robin is singing nature's soft lullaby; the dorr-beetle and the cockchafer are buzzing past our ears; numerous moths are taking their evening flight; but yet nature is more in a state of repose than of activity. The sun-loving flowers have closed their petals, and like the squirrel, the dove, the butterfly, and the tired ploughman, have quietly yielded to the urgent invitations of the god of sleep. Our walk to-day, though pleasant and instructive, has made us weary and inclined for rest. Good night; and may your dreams present you scenes as delightful as those we have to-day beheld.

Camden Town.

### Antiquariana.

#### MONUMENTAL EFFIGY OF DR. DONNE.

THIS is one of the few sepulchral memorials which were rescued from the dilapidations consequent on the Great Fire of London, in 1666. Yet those which were preserved are treated with little consideration; the present specimen, which is one of the most curious of the whole number so rescued, being deposited in the dreary vault of St. Faith, beneath the east end of St. Paul's Cathedral. It must be admitted that such monuments are of little importance; but the relic now under consideration, is deserving of a more conspicuous situation, not only from the merit of execution and rarity of design, but on account of the real worth of the person whom it was intended to commemorate.



(Monumental Effigy of Dr. Donne.)

John Donne, D. D. dean of St. Paul's, was exemplary as a divine, and eminent as a poet; but is now chiefly known by his satires, which evince the caustic severity of Juvenal, nobly exercised in the cause of Christianity and good morals. Dryden declared Donne to be "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation."

After experiencing many vicissitudes of fortune, Donne died March 31, 1631. Some time previous to his death, the Doctor was prevailed upon by his friend, Dr. Fox to have a monument made for him, at a time when he was much reduced in bodily strength, and in the near contemplation of his end. The design of it being left to Donne himself, he directed an urn to be made, upon which he stood enveloped in his winding-sheet: thus he was painted, the size of life, by an artist of celebrity. After the death of Donne, his executor caused the figure to be copied in one entire block of white marble, as represented in the Engraving. The doctor wrote for himself a few lines in Latin, which were affixed to the urn as his epitaph.

Sir Henry Wotton, the dean's particular friend, speaking of this monument, says, it is "a statue, indeed, so like Dr. Donne, that it seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle."

## Fine Arts.

### MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF THE REFORM BANQUET.

WE owe the artist of this magnificent work some apology for not having previously introduced its characteristics to our readers. They are of the most attractive and interesting description, both with reference to importance of subject and artistical merit—for, however we may regard with feelings of veneration the glories of history on the canvass of the olden artists, we are persuaded that the powers of painting have rarely been employed to commemorate so honourable a triumph as that embodied in the picture before us. Here is little or none of that which critics mystify as classic, from its resemblance to the works of antique artists. The scene is one of two years since, yet, is as purely historical as if it were one of two centuries ago: we have neither the chlamys of Greece, nor the toga of Rome, as the costume of the figures; nor the massive stateliness of ancient architecture around them; but in their places, the gentlemanly fashions of to-day, within walls of little artificial enrichment. The grouping, too, is that of the simplicity of nature, or, as Mr. Haydon terms it, great simplicity of



attitude, which he actually observed at the moment he sketched the scene: there was "no cant of academical composition; no separation into affected groups; no twirlings, nor twistings, nor foreshortenings; but everybody leaned at ease, and sat by his next neighbour, as if he had no thought of being painted or looked at." Mr. Haydon determined to try this effect in the picture, and to bid defiance to all rules of art which should obstruct the development of this natural beauty. An artist, whose taste in nature nobody will dispute, has said of this effect a good thing, and, if it be true, a very flattering thing, viz. "It is striking and new, because it is natural." This is certainly no flattery of the pictorial art, generally.

But we are filling in the details before we have drawn the outline. All the world knows that the passing of the Reform Bill was celebrated by a grand banquet in the Guildhall, London, on July 11, 1832, at which the King's ministers, and the members of both Houses of Parliament who had supported the measure, were present. Lord Grey proposed that Mr. Haydon should paint this memorable banquet, and the artist, upon viewing the preparations for the festival, was so struck with its probable splendour, that he resolved to paint a sketch of the effect at once, while the company were dining. How Mr. Haydon achieved this, (for it was a bold resolve,) shall be told in his own stirring words, from the descriptive key to the picture:

"On the day of this great scene of festive commemoration, I got to the Hall about eight in the morning, like Syntax, with all my materials packed round me, and began instantly to paint and prepare for the evening, in an ocean of uproar and confusion, that Babel must have been comparative tranquillity.

"Let the reader imagine the crashing of twenty-four hundred plates, (for everybody had three,) on the tables in ten minutes, from huge baskets placed at intervals; the jingling of thousands of knives and forks; the dead thumping of hundreds of salt-cellars; the music of thousands of glasses, tumblers, and bottles; the calling and quarrelling of waiters; the scolding of directors; the tacking of upholsterers; and the hammering of carpenters,—and he will have some notion what a great city feast is in preparation."

"But all this was peace till the evening approached, and the great Hall became crowded with visitors. Before the noise of the morning was half over, the nobility began to arrive, to witness the presentation of the Freedom to Earl Grey and Lord Althorp; and as each successive minister and public character appeared, he was hailed by shouts of applause; for everybody seemed in such spirits they could not command their enthusiasm. It was a proud day, and a glorious

and exhilarating scene for Lord Grey and the old Reformers."

"The visitors drew up at the usual entrance, passed in through a dingy passage lined with beautiful shrubs, and came out into the Hall in a blaze of gas light, passed through double ranks of visitors, mounted steps between figures in armour, and retired to the council chamber, where the Corporation were waiting. The whole scene had the air of a splendid rout; but it was a rout given by the greatest city on earth, to commemorate the greatest civil triumph!"

"As the ministers passed into the banquet, I shall never forget my impression of Lord Althorp's bland smile, equally invincible to censure or applause: the Chancellor passed through an uproar of congratulation. The distinct character of each minister was a fine study for a painter; nor have I had occasion to obliterate any impressions of that night; in fact I have done my best to embody them, such as they were then felt—the noble air of Lord Melbourne; the keen look of Lord John Russell; the different expressions of Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Richmond, Lord Ripon, and Sir James Graham. Then came Mr. Stanley, with his eagle eye; and, in the midst of joyful congratulations,—Lord Grey. The appearance of Lord Grey on all great occasions, is one of the finest sights in the world; and I appeal to every noble lord, and every member of the house, if this be exaggeration. His tall, stately figure, with star and ribbon; his bald front and sable hair, a little silvered, curling round it; his sensitive features; his air and look, realize to perfection the idea of high rank, refined honour, unimpeachable integrity, great energy, and extreme susceptibility. His appearance on this great night, as he issued out of the dark passage into the blaze of light, a little agitated, was the most interesting thing I ever saw. The delight with which he was greeted was indisputable evidence of public regard; and Lord Grey seemed to feel it as the proudest and most affecting moment of his life. There was an expression too genuine to be mistaken: many besides myself were deeply touched; and no man, as Fuseli once said, shall ever convince me that such moments and such feelings are not immortal."

"As soon as the ceremony of giving the freedom was over, dinner was announced. The company rushed in, and soon filled the tables. I mounted my station, on an angle of the great Chatham's monument; and in sight of eight hundred visitors, some of them the greatest men in the world, proudly dashed away!"

"What a scene it was! The crowding of the waiters; the jostling of servants; the anxiety of the Committee to see everybody pleased; the exhilarating cheers of triumph, from eight hundred Reformers, after every

toast; the splendour of the colour; the magnificence of the gas; and then the clanging and fierce harmony of the Russian horn band, which broke in on the buzzing hum of this vast hive of human beings, cannot be conveyed by any language on earth!"

"The hall was fitted up with the greatest taste—too much of nothing, and enough of everything. Right over the centre of the great table was a rich trophy of armour, flags, devices, battle-axes, shields, swords, and spears: a great crown, in coloured gas, was above it, with rays of gas shining round it; the King's initials were below, and the awful word *REFORM* above the whole."

"At the end opposite, was a magnificent star, in gas; and down the sides of the hall were two flags and armour, between stars of gas; while figures in armour, of different periods, stood very grandly about; and at the top of the room, between festoons of crimson drapery, were five large mirrors, which reflected the whole company."

"About eleven o'clock at night, when the gas was at its meridian, its splendour visibly affected everybody in the Hall. There was a whispering of applause, which nearly broke out into a roar of approbation. This was the most interesting period of the night. The victory was over, the commemoration complete. The whole scene was a glittering enchantment—a magnificent vision: at this moment, when all the company seemed reposing in admiration or thought, and the splendour of the gorgeous scene was at its height, the Duke of Sussex, who had never spoken better than on this night, rose to take his leave. Lord Grey and the nobility followed; and finding myself, after fifteen hours' work, in possession of all I wanted, and in a state of excitement bordering on fever, I departed with my sketch, which I have never touched since, and never will."

It should, however, be mentioned that the view in the picture is not the view painted during dinner, because Lord Grey sat so far off that he would have been lost; but Mr. Haydon went the next morning and sketched the other side of the hall, which is the one in the picture, and much more adapted for a picture. The wooden figures in armour come into composition, and Lord Grey is brought in the right place to be conspicuous—that is into the centre of the picture, though not of the table, the view being angular and oblique. The time is that of Lord Grey's returning thanks for his health, and we think, as Mr. Haydon hopes, the portrait has something of his lordship's noble air, and something of the character of his head and expression. We should not be enabled to particularize the merits of the 111 portraits in the picture, even did our knowledge of the originals allow us to do so. The likenesses of Lords Grey and Melbourne, Mr. Stanley,

Sir John Hobhouse, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Althorp, the Duke of Sussex, the Lord Mayor, Alderman Venables, and Mr. Bulwer, occur to us as the most successful. That of the Lord Chancellor, we regret, is, decidedly, a failure. Every head in the picture (except two) is a portrait from sittings. Mr. Haydon first made a chalk sketch, and then put the head in the picture, and finished it from life. Nearly the whole of the sketches have been purchased by Lord Spencer, and are hung up in a corridor at Althorp. Everything in the picture is painted from the identical fruit, flowers, plates, &c.; the magnificent range of gold and silver plate, drapery, mirrors, armour, and flags, used at the banquet. Mr. Haydon meets the objection of a want of foreground by maintaining that the back figures close to the front table are sufficiently in advance to send back the distant line; adding "I have tried a natural way of placing people at table as they must and do always sit when they are at table—the public must say whether successfully or not." We confess we do not see the force of the objection; but the attempt being a novelty in art might be expected to meet with cavillers. It is, however, easy to perceive that nothing but excellent drawing could have surmounted the difficulties in the composition of this splendid picture. The colouring is judicious; and rich without gaudiness. To conclude, the commission was given in a patriotic and munificent spirit, and has been executed in kindred enthusiasm; and, long may this noble scene of national triumph grace the walls of Howick—associated as it is with the consummation of one of the grand objects of a well-spent political life.

### Spirit of Discovery.

#### MURDER OF RICHARD LANDER.

WITH a most profound sentiment of grief we have to state that accounts have been received of the cruel murder of this enterprising and interesting person. Poor Lander died on the 6th of February, at Fernando Po, of a wound he received while pursuing his last ascent of the river Nunn, as exclusively announced in the *Literary Gazette* of the 22nd of March, which contained the latest intelligence of the proceedings and purposes of this fatal expedition.\* Having left Fernando Po in the Craven cutter, intending to join the iron steamer with the merchandise and articles he had collected for the establishment of a settled intercourse with the natives; it appears, from the letter describing this melancholy event, that the party had only reached about a hundred miles up the river, when, while tracking their boat along shore, they were suddenly fired upon from the bush by

\* Quoted in the *Mirror*, No. 655.

the assassins employed to destroy them. Three men were killed, and four, including Lander, wounded. Leaping into their canoe they escaped to the boat which was aground at the time; but were followed and assailed by several war canoes until darkness rescued them from their enemies. They descended the stream, and on the 27th of January arrived at Fernando Po, where Lander lingered till the 6th of February. He was shot near the hip, and the ball wrought down into his thigh. It is supposed that the murderers were set upon their infernal task by European slavers, whose infamous traffic was endangered by the formation of a regular commerce with the interior, through the medium of the rivers explored by our gallant countryman. The canoes belonged to Bonny, Brass, and Benin. Thus has another sacrifice to African discovery been made; a man whose character was of the highest human stamp. Calm and resolute, steady and fearless, bold and adventurous, never did there exist a more fit instrument for the undertaking of such exploits as those which have shed a lustre over his humble name. It is said that his papers are lost. We cannot express the sorrow with which the sad calamity has filled us; it is a deep private affliction, and a lasting national regret.—*Literary Gazette.*

### The Public Journals.

#### THE FISHER'S CALL.

THE moor-cock is crowing o'er mountain and fell,  
And the sun drinks the dew from the blue heather-bell;

Her song of the morning the lark sings on high,  
And hark, 'tis the milk-maid a-carrying by.

Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!

Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

O what can the joys of the angler excel.

As he follows the stream in its course through the dell!

Where ev'ry wild flower is blooming in pride,

And the blackbird sings sweet, with his mate by his side.

Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!

Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

'Tis pleasant to walk at the first blush of morn,

In Spring when the blossom is white on the thorn,  
By the clear mountain stream that rolls sparkling

and free,

O'er crag and through vale, its glad course to the sea.

Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!

Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

In the pools deep and still, where the yellow trout lies,

Like the fall of a rose leaf we'll throw the light fly;

Where the waters flow gently, or rapidly foam,

We'll load well our creels and hie merrily home.

Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!

Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

*Oliver, on Angling.*

#### AN ADVENTURE AT ST. HELENA, IN MAY, 1816.

On a beautiful morning in May, the China (East India Company's) fleet was seen advancing towards the always interesting and now far-famed island of St. Helena.

The simple inhabitants had not yet recovered from their astonishment at the great and unwelcome event that had befallen them. Their imperial prisoner, their King's military governor and his troops, the watchful, grim-looking vessels of war, the harassing interior regulations, the system of espionage, and the scarcity of provisions, were all great and crying evils that had fallen upon them unawares, without power to avert or hope to escape. The arrival of the China fleet had hitherto been an event of the first importance, the signal for trade and business, for joy and festivity. Among the fair sex too, an unusual degree of interest was excited; for marriages were sometimes made as well as bargains. But although its approach was welcomed now with as much warmth as ever, it could not dispel the effects, or ease the weight, of the huge nightmare that had settled on the island.

The shrouds and decks of the Company's ships were alive with human beings, regarding with intense interest the isolated rock they were approaching; the variety of age, sex, colour, and condition, produced but little difference in the individual feeling of the moment. The listless and delicate female, (scarcely to be recognised, from her long residence in voluptuous India, as belonging to the race of active and intelligent Englishwomen) raises herself from her couch, and with unusual excitement of mind and body, ascends the poop-ladder without assistance, and regardless of being jostled by the crowd, exclaims, "Is this really St. Helena, and is Buonaparte really here!" The spoiled, overdressed, yet lovely children cling round their dark and turbaned attendants, and half-fearful, half-curious, learn from them that a *burrah-saib* of Europe, very powerful and very wicked, has been caught and chained down upon that rock.

But among the captain and his officers, together with the military gentleman and the civilians on board, scarcely a word was breathed; there they stood with their spy-glasses glued to their eyes; an occasional order, or the trying to make out the directions stuck up at different points of the island, in large white letters on black boards, alone broke their silence.

At last, under certain signals, directions, and cautions, the Indiamen anchored; and then, again, after certain permissions and limitations, they were visited by boats from the shore, and by those of the ships of war. A list of regulations for their conduct was given, and a gentle hint that the shorter

their stay, the more agreeable it would be considered by the presiding powers. The answers to the questions with which every one who came on board was overpowered, the strange stories, the mysterious warnings, excited rather than allayed the intense curiosity felt by all.

"Pray, Sir," said a chief officer of one of the finest of the Indiamen, to a gentleman in office, "is it possible to pay a visit to Buonaparte—to see and to converse with him?"

"It is possible, if you can procure the necessary permission, passport, and guides. Mine is the passport-office, and I dare say I shall be able to manage it for you."

The young man thanked him most warmly, and continued—

"To-morrow I shall not be able to leave the ship; but if I call on you early the following morning—"

"One shall be ready for you," interrupted his new friend.

In the meantime a movement of the same nature was taking place among the captains of the China fleet: they received a promise from the admiral that passports should be ready for them on the next morning; and they agreed to go in a body, and pay their respects to Napoleon.

Accordingly, the next morning the captains, in full dress, assembled on shore; passports, horses, and escorts were ready; every thing was conducted in the strictest form, according to the regulations. They arrived at Longwood, and were ushered into the drawing-room, the curtains of which were very much closed, and it was some time before they could see any thing, after the dazzling light they had just emerged from. In a few minutes a door at the farther end was thrown open, and Napoleon entered. He advanced, they bowed—

"*Quel est votre plaisir ?*" (that is, "What do you want?")

"We are the captains of the China fleet which arrived yesterday, and are come, sir, to pay you our respects."

"Your ships are very large, are they not?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many guns do you carry?"

"Thirty."

"And you?" (to a second.)

"And what ship do you command?" to a third.

And after one or two more abrupt, and not very pointed questions, he made a bow, and exit by the same way he entered. The captains moved off, mounted their horses, and had a very hot ride back.

During that day too, many of the officers and passengers procured passports; some were received and some were not, but all appeared dissatisfied. Nothing, however, could damp the ardour of our friend, the

chief. He had received that day, during the absence of his captain, amongst other visitors, the military officer in immediate attendance on the person of Napoleon, and had an opportunity of showing him some civilities. A young naval officer had settled to accompany him, and horses were to be ready for both at an appointed hour the following morning.

The morning rose most splendidly; and full of hope and animation, and ripe enough for frolic, our young friend landed, and meeting his expected companion, they went to the office for the promised passports. Alas! who can describe their consternation and disappointment on being informed that an order had just been received from headquarters to grant no more passports, *except especially authorized*; as the privilege had been abused the preceding day, and had become a source of annoyance to the general. What was to be done? the case was hopeless; but as the horses were in readiness, it was decided they should ride up to the camp.

"At all events," said the lieutenant, "you will have an interesting ride, and a good tiffin; and who knows but that you may, after all, get a distant view of the great little man?"

With this the chief was forced to be satisfied, and off they went. It was not without interest that the stranger, having reached by the zig-zag road the top of the first hill, observed by the indication of his companion, the residences of Bertrand and Montholon; from thence the road led straight to the encampment, a distance of about five miles from the town, at which they arrived between one and two o'clock. Here the naval officer, who was well known, and the stranger, met with a kind reception, and came in for a capital tiffin.

Our friend, however, soon slipped away, and amused himself with strolling in and about the encampment, looking with a longing eye to the summit of the opposite hill, where stood Longwood. The side of that hill, he remarked, was potato-ground. On descending towards it from the eminence on which he stood, he entered a garden where several Chinese were busily employed; they looked surprised at the entrance of a stranger, but when he addressed them in their own language, he quite won their hearts, and after a little *confab* he strolled unquestioned quietly along. He left the garden, and suddenly (without probably venturing to question himself as to his intentions) threw himself on his hands and knees, and began to climb the forbidden hill, under shelter of the large and thickly sown potato plants. He reached the summit, and creeping through a hole at the bottom of a hedge, found himself in an outer yard opposite the stable,

where the horses were getting ready for the emperor's afternoon ride.

It so happened that the medical gentleman of his own ship had also taken tiffin at a friend's that day, and afterwards had, like our hero, strolled out to stare about him. His eye caught the figure of his young chief in the garden, and observed it disappear amongst the potato plants on the opposite side. From a knowledge of his disposition, and of his uncontrollable whim to have an interview with Napoleon, which he was aware the order at the passport-office had rendered it impossible for him lawfully to gratify, he felt convinced the young man was about getting himself into some serious scrape; and, without a moment's hesitation, down dived the good doctor into the ravine also, and was up the opposite side nearly as soon as the chief; but instead of emerging by the stables, he had made his *sortie* at the other end of the house, *right through which* he boldly walked, (to his own utter astonishment, and that of every body else *afterwards*), and without question or hindrance, reached the stable-yard, and confronted the astonished chief.

After a few ejaculations, explanations, and representations, the doctor was prevailed upon, as *they were there*, to stay and have a peep at the emperor; who, they were assured, would be out presently, to take a few turns upon the terrace with Las Casas, before he mounted. Accordingly they sheltered themselves by the raised bank of the terrace, from which, when they stooped or sat down, they were not likely to be observed. At last, while peeping over, they beheld two figures slowly advancing in earnest conversation from the farther end of the terrace; one was bare-headed, but the other wore that identical, small, plain cocked hat, never to be mistaken and never to be forgotten—this was Napoleon. He had on a green, single-breasted coat, with steel buttons, each button having a sporting device and all different; white waistcoat, nankeen knee-breeches with buckles, and handsome silk stockings, carefully put on, and showing to great advantage a leg and foot almost effeminately beautiful. Although short, Napoleon was well and strongly made, and was not then nearly so fat as he afterwards became; his appearance was far more striking and dignified than the two Englishmen expected; their eyes remained rivetted upon him until his nearer approach obliged them to *dip*, and they did not again look up until his back was turned; and there they waited patiently enough until the emperor and Las Casas had again reached the extremity of the terrace, and had again turned towards them.

"I tell you what," said the chief, "you may do as you please, doctor, but hang me if

I stay here any longer skulking and playing at bo-peep! Come, doctor, follow me, and let us behave as men."

So saying, he sprang upon the terrace, and the poor doctor, with a heavy sigh, and "I see how it will end!" scrambled up too.

The sudden appearance of the two intruders brought Napoleon and Las Casas to a stand; the latter, however, immediately advanced and met them.

"Do you wish to speak to the emperor, gentlemen?" he inquired, politely bowing.

"We wish it very much indeed," said the chief.

"If we do not intrude," said the doctor.

"Permit me the honour of introducing you."

They took off their hats and advanced—it was an interesting moment; the Count introduced them as two English gentlemen; the Emperor took off his hat, bowed very low and replaced it. A glance of surprise and inquiry was exchanged between him and Las Casas; but no questions as to how they had made their entry in that direction were asked. Napoleon, who was in high good humour, immediately began his questioning mode of conversation; he spoke in French, which was interpreted by Las Casas, but he seemed perfectly to understand without interpretation their English replies.

"What ship do you belong to?" "The — East-Indiaman." "What situation do you hold?" "Chief-officer." "How many guns do you carry?" "Thirty-six." "What tonnage?" "Fifteen hundred." "How many men?" "A hundred and eighty." "Indeed! why you could cope with a frigate!" "We have already done so." "How? where?" "In the action against Admiral Lincolns." "Were you in that action?" "Yes, sir." His ex-Majesty looked *glum*, and turning to the doctor—"What are you?" "Surgeon on board the same ship." "Where were you educated?" "At Edinburgh." "You could not have studied in a better school: have you observed much of the medical practice of the Chinese?" "I have had occasional opportunities of doing so." "They are very fond of blistering, are they not?" "Yes: they have recourse to it in almost every complaint." "How do they raise the blister? by the use of cantharides or by friction?" "By friction, mostly." "What is your general opinion of Chinese medical practice?" "That it is very indifferent—very far behind the European." Napoleon again turned to the chief officer—"What does your cargo principally consist of, besides tea?" "Nankeens, silks, and drugs." "What is the proportion of tea?" "Four-fifths of the whole." "Can you name how many chests of tea you carry, and their average weight?" "Twenty-two thousand chests, weighing on the average

ninety pounds each." This Napoleon repeated with a gesture of astonishment:—"And at how much do you value your cargo?" "At six hundred thousand pounds." The Emperor paused and took snuff. "What other parts of the East have you yourself visited, besides China?" "Our presidencies of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; besides various islands, and different parts of the coast?"

At this moment another party was observed advancing along the terrace; it consisted of General and Madame Montholon, General and Madame Bertrand, and a stranger, whom one of the generals introduced as a supercargo from China; he had obtained his special permission, and had arrived with his passport. The two ladies were handsomely but not showily dressed; India shawls of great value, stylish Parisian bonnets, and very pretty well-dressed feet, were not lost upon our sea-faring gentlemen. Madame Montholon was dark, with fine black eyes, and a countenance of much intelligence; Madame Bertrand was fairer; she was lively and graceful.

Napoleon addressed the supercargo:—"You are going home from China?" "Yes, sir." "Then I suppose you have made a very large fortune?" "Not *very* large." "Not a hundred thousand pounds?" "O no, sir!" "Eighty thousand then?" "Not so much." "Fifty thousand." "Not more than forty." "Not more! why that's not much of a fortune. Are you married?" "Yes, sir." "Is your wife on board with you?" "No, she is not." "Then where is she?" "She has already returned to England." "Did you accompany her thither?" "No, I did not." "What did you allow her to go in a ship alone all that way?" "Ye-es," said the supercargo, looking a little disconcerted. Napoleon shook his head, took snuff, and glanced round at the two ladies; the attention of both, however, was attracted by something on the ground, and Madame Bertrand, especially, was very busy making figures on the gravel with the point of her toe. The conversation was resumed.

"What is the opinion of the Chinese as to the English navy?" "Sir, I cannot exactly tell you; I have never had an opportunity of ascertaining." "I fortunately have," interrupted the young chief. Napoleon turned towards him: "No nation can have a higher opinion of anything belonging to another, than the Chinese have of the English navy."

"It shows their good sense," said Napoleon; "I, too, have the highest opinion of the English navy. Of what," continued he, addressing the chief, "of what kind are the Chinese vessels of war?"

"They are large *junks*, carrying from three to five hundred men, and from twenty-five to thirty guns."

"Indeed! how many would it require to take an English frigate?"

"Thirty would *not* take her."

"How you talk! what, thirty, manned and armed as you have described, not take a single frigate!"

"In my opinion they would not take her."

"Why?"

"Because the Chinese are ignorant of even the first principles of the management of a vessel of war; crowds of men are jammed together on the decks of their junks, without order or discipline, appearing to serve no purpose but that of interrupting each other, or that of being swept away by the well-directed fire of their enemy. They have guns, always in wretched condition, and shot; but the latter of all sizes being mixed together, you will see the men running backwards and forwards until they can find a shot to fit—"

Napoleon interrupted him by laughing, and cried out—"Oh! enough, enough! I yield the point."

"Permit me, sir," resumed the chief, "to relate an occurrence which will strongly confirm what I have stated. In the year 1803, an English eighteen-gun brig was dismasted in a *typhoon*, and in much distress. The piratical fleet of junks, lying off Macao observed her, and concluded she would become an easy prey. They made towards her; the brig, well knowing their character, prepared as well as she was able. They advanced, and fired: she gave them a broadside; and notwithstanding the overpowering disadvantages under which she laboured, in a very short time several of the junks were sunk, and the rest made off disabled."

Napoleon appeared interested by this anecdote. He then asked whether the French missionaries in China were getting on in their vocation. The chief replied that, "as far as his information extended, those who could teach somewhat else besides their religion were doing well: those among them who were masters of languages, mathematics, astronomy, &c., were encouraged and permitted to teach; the others were rejected."

"Are there any Frenchmen in Canton?" "Not any." "No;—not one?" "Oh! I recollect there is one: the cook of the Factory is a Frenchman." At this Napoleon laughed heartily, and the rest of the party joined in his mirth.

It was now time to think of departing. The supercargo took his leave, and accompanied by the generals and their ladies, left the terrace. Our two gentlemen then made their bow. Napoleon parted from them with much cordiality, repeatedly waving his hand, and saying, "*Bon voyage, Messieurs, bon voyage!*" Down plunged the two culprits amongst their friends, the potatoes, under whose shelter they were enabled to reach the



bottom, as they had ascended, unperceived, although sentinels were pacing about in all directions. On looking up they perceived Napoleon and Las Casas observing them with great attention. They reached the encampment in safety; and as their horses were put up in different directions, they parted, agreeing to waive all ceremony, and each to make the best of his way. The officers, who, when our friend had left them, had just finished tiffin, had now just begun dinner. The stranger was again hospitably invited in; but for good reasons of his own, civilly declined, took leave of his friend, the naval lieutenant, and mounting his horse, galloped away.

He spared not whip or spur, and about seven in the evening reached the town. He went to the house of the well-known hospitable Jew of St. Helena, and was not sorry to find himself in his comfortable parlour, assisting his fair daughter in the duties of the tea-table. A thundering rap at the door!—a rap so loud and unusual, that the master of the house himself rose to answer it. A parley.

"Pray, sir, can you give any information concerning an officer of one of the Company's ships who has been riding about the country to-day—a very young man, dressed in a blue surtout coat, nankeen trowsers, and a blue velvet waistcoat, with smart gold dangling buttons on it?"

"No, shir," said the trembling Jew, "I really cannot."

"You have neither seen nor heard of any such person?"

"No surely, shir."

"Have you any visitors this evening?"

"No, shir, not at present. Would you like to walk in, shir, and take a dish of tea?"

"No, I thank you. Good night."

"I wish you a very good night, shir," and the Jew gently closed his door. "Shut up every window in de house, and every door; and give me some tea, gid; for my tongue is dry vid de lies I have been telling. I say," continued he, eyeing the culprit, "where have you been vid your smart velvet waistcoat and your Maltese buttons? Vhat have you been at to-day? Hark! don't you hear? They are going rapping at every door in de street. Vhat hash been de matter?"

A candid explanation of the whole immediately ensued. The good Jew sighed, shook his head, and turned up his eyes; but his daughter, in spite of her filial sympathy, appeared vastly to enjoy the adventure.

At four o'clock the next morning our friend was disturbed from his sound sleep and comfortable bed by the Jew, who came literally to turn him out, and to get him on board without delay. He was just dressed, wrapped up in a cloak, and about taking leave of his worthy host, when the purser of

one of the Company's ships requested admittance. "I have come expressly to tell you," said he, addressing the chief, "to slip off as fast as you possibly can; nets are laying for you in every direction."

In a few minutes after this hint our friend was on the jetty. An Indiaman's boat, but not belonging to his own ship, had just reached it, and landed the steward to look after his marketing.

"I say, my good fellows, give me a cast on board the —, will you?"

"Ay, ay, sir—come along." And in a very short time he drew free breath on his own deck.

The story began to be buzzed about the ship in all shapes, and with many curious and valuable additions, until it settled down into a regular and well-spun *yarn*. "I say," said Bill, the St. Helena fisherman, with a sly leer to his messmate, in reference to their former conversation, (on a suggested plan for Napoleon's escape), "what do you think of my scheme now,—no such difficult job, hey?—when people can walk like spirits up to Longwood, and down from Longwood, and among the stables, and through the house, and then stand talking at their ease, as though they were bullet-proof, on an open terrace. I say, what became that day of *all the eyes and ears on the island*?"

But after this time new and stricter regulations were enforced. The affair was not a little enjoyed when properly understood by the exile and his court; but we believe it was the first and last amusement of the kind which was afforded them.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

#### TO A FAMILY BIBLE.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,

Cling reverently!—Of anxious looks beguiled,  
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine  
Were daily bent; her accents, gravely mild,  
Breath'd out thy lore;—whilst I, a dreamy child,  
On breeze-like fancies wander'd oft away.

To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,  
Some fresh-discover'd nook for woodland play,  
Some secret nest;—yet would the solemn word,  
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,  
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be  
A seed not lost; for which, in darker years,  
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,  
Heart-blessings on the holy Deed, and Thee.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye  
Fell on your gentle beauty: when from you  
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,  
Eternal, universal, as the sky;  
Then in the bosom of your purity  
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,  
That Life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,  
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine,  
And tho' too oft its low celestial sound  
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,

And the loud steps of vain unlistening haste,  
Yet the great Ocean hath no tone of power  
Mightier to reach the soul, in Thought's hushed  
hour,  
Than yours, meek Lilies! chosen thus and graced.  
*Ibid.*

## The Gatherer.

*Musical Festivals in Westminster Abbey.*  
—When the ceremony (says Nightingale) of the commemoration of Handel and his works was first considered, and that Westminster Abbey, where his remains were interred, was suggested, as the fittest place for the performance, application was made to the Bishop of Rochester for his permission; and it having been represented that the time of the year would interfere with the annual meeting for the benefit of the Westminster Hospital, and therefore considerably injure the resources usually drawn from that assembly, the bishop stipulated that a part of the net produce should be applied to the use of the Hospital, which was acceded to, and the result proved very advantageous to it.

The Commemoration of Handel, in 1784, was under the management of the Earl of Exeter, Earl of Sandwich, Viscount Dudley Ward, Viscount Fitzwilliam, Lord Paget, Right Hon. H. Morice, Sir W. Williams Wynn, Bart., and Sir Richard Jebb, Bart.—directors of the Concert of Ancient Music. This being crowned with success, similar performances took place in the year 1785, when the vocal and instrumental band amounted to 616; in 1786, to 741; and in 1787, when the performers amounted to 806 musicians, exclusive of the principal singers, consisting of twenty-two, with Madame Mara, Rubinelli, Harrison, and Morelli, at their head, held under the title of a "Grand Musical Festival for charitable purposes."

P. T. W.

*The Schoolmistress Abroad.*—A lady, on entering a village school, taught by one of the elderlies of her own sex, overheard the following new mode of teaching. A child stumbled a long time over the word "Nebuchadnezzar." At last, the old lady's patience being tired out, she said—"Well, well, call un Nezzar, and let un goo."

*The Mughs*, or natives of Arracan, are a short, muscular race, of a copper colour, with round, flat features. They possess more activity and natural courage than the Bengalees, but less than their late masters the Burmese. Their food is chiefly fish and rice but they object not to a dish of stewed rats or boiled snakes, or a fried section of the putrifying carcass of an elephant: nothing, in fact, from a maggot to a mammoth, comes amiss to a voracious Mugh.—*Martin's British Colonies.*

*Sea-Sickness.*—Monk Lewis died at sea, on his way home from Jamaica, in 1818; and, according to Sir Walter Scott's information, "he fell a sacrifice to a very strange whim—that of persisting, in spite of all advice, to take daily emetics, as a preventive against sea-sickness."

*Colonel Crockett's* fondness for fun gave rise to many anecdotes; among others I have heard this, which I do not altogether believe; Colonel Crockett, while on an electioneering trip, fell in at a gathering, and it became necessary for him to treat the company. His finances were rather low, having but one 'coon skin about him; however, he pulled it out, slapped it down on the counter, and called for its value in whiskey. The merchant measured out the whiskey and threw the skin into the loft. The colonel, observing the logs very open, took out his ramrod, and, upon the merchant turning his back, twisted his 'coon skin out and pocketed it: when more whiskey was wanted, the same skin was pulled out, slapped upon the counter, and its value called for. This trick was played until they were all tired of drinking.—*Crockett's Adventures.*—*Limbird's Edition.*

*Population of China.*—The population of China was, in 1393, A. D. 60,545,811; in 1743, mouths 157,301,755; in 1762, mouths 198,214,553; in 1792, mouths, 307,467,200; now, mouths 352,866,602 on an area of 1,219,749 square miles, being about 288 to the square mile. This population will not be deemed extravagant when we remember that in England there are 289; in Ireland 292; and in the Netherlands 320 mouths to the square mile.—*Martin.*

Just Published.—In 8vo. price only 8s.

## SKETCHES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COL. DAVID CROCKETT.

"We recommend this work to all who have any relish for the broad humour of a 'rail Kantuck.'"—*Athenaeum.*

"The Colonel is really a good-humoured a fellow as he is energetic, and his strong natural parts seem not unjustly to have stood him instead of education, and advanced him in the scale of society. \* \* \* There are some curious sketches of general manners, and other points in this slight volume, altogether original."—*Literary Gazette.*

In a neat Volume, 2s. 6d.

## THE SEA-SERVICE; OR, POPULAR SKETCHES OF SHIP-BUILDING, NAVIGATION, AND NAVAL WARFARE.

By the Author of "A Year in Spain."

"A very entertaining book."—*Literary Gazette.*

"Likely to be generally acceptable."—*Athenaeum.*

Printed by and for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House), London; sold by G. O. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all News-men and Booksellers.